



KNOX GRAMMAR SCHOOL

English (Standard) and English (Advanced) Paper 1 – Area of Study

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Writing time – 2 hours
- Write using dark blue or black pen

Total marks – 45

Section I Pages 3-7

15 marks

- Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II Page 8

15 marks

- Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III Page 9

15 marks

- Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question on the writing paper provided. Extra paper is available.

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding on the way perceptions of discovery are shaped in and through texts
 - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
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Question 1 (15 marks)

Text one – Excerpt from the short story ‘To Dream of Stars: An Astronomer’s Lament’ by Peter. M. Ball

The first time he sees the Royal Observatory he is three days shy of his twelfth birthday. It’s spring, a clear night, the stars unveiling themselves in small groups as the sky overhead grows dark.

The tower rises from the hills, dominating the uneven horizon, a crooked silhouette against the twilight. The glowing dome at the tip points at the emerging stars, the length of the tower twisted like the four-joined finger of a great and alien hand. He feels the strangeness of the building, a discordant note casting echoes in the chambers of his heart, but the otherness calls to him regardless. John Flamsteed is promised to God in both body and spirit, but he knows his heart and mind now belong to that tower forever.

“Eyes off it,” his father orders, cuffing the boy across the back of the head, and John falls forward, clinging to the horse’s mane to keep himself in the saddle. The older Flamsteed rides on, glaring at the observatory. “It’s evil,” his father says, “and dangerous yet. You will not look at it. You will not even think of it, or the creatures that dwell within. Do you understand?”

John Flamsteed nods, used to obedience without understanding. His father sees evil where other men see nothing, though perhaps this once John can see the hint of corruption his father fears. He averts his gaze, but the tower remains. It looms on the fringe of his vision, a constant threat. The sight of it pulls at his heart, luring him as though he’s been hooked on a silvery strand of twine wrapped around the tower’s domed tip. They have three days of business in town, just long enough for John to hear the stories. He absorbs them, one by one, the details coalescing as he weaves rumour and folk-tale together. There are those that tell him the yellow texture of the tower comes from tiles made of dragon bone, that its twisting mass is held upright by prayer and dark magic. The accusations of magic perturb him, an affront to both God and reason, but he listens and nods and asks again when the moment presents itself. There are folk-tales aplenty to hear, but none to satisfy his thirst for comprehension.

On their final night in town, his birthday, John Flamsteed skulks out of the room he shares with his father. The moon is a thumbnail sliver overhead, a sliver so brief its presence barely registers against the scattered wash of stars. John Flamsteed stumbles through the unfamiliar streets, toes catching the rough cut cobblestones, tripping his way into the open fields and the hills beyond. The air smells fresh and clean, but

the aftertaste is sour. He climbs the unfamiliar slopes, his young body straining against the rough terrain hidden by darkness.

The Observatory serves as a compass, allowing him to orient himself against the empty darkness the tower casts against the endless stars. Eventually John stands at the base, staring up at a tower tall enough to brush against sky. John Flamsteed examines the pale shingles, stands close enough that he can reach out and touch their worn exterior with the tips of his young fingers. They feel like the smoothed edge of a predator's incisor, noble, deadly and beautiful in a single moment.

He thinks of the stories the townsfolk tell about children raised to the Astronomers Royal, kidnapped and replaced by changelings, stripped of their humanity by the Astronomer's training. In the lonely light of the thumbnail moon, John Flamsteed makes a promise. He will return here, one day, free from the shackles of his father's assumptions. He will give himself over to the stars and the Others, all in the name of God and his country. Damn the impossibilities, he will enter the tower and join the ranks of the Astronomers Royal.

Text two –poem ‘Reminiscent Past’ by Smita Sriwastav

sitting on the dangling, long forgotten swing
creaking with memories of the long lost childhood
innocence long evaporated by the heat of maturity
like dewdrops under the blazing gaze of the sun
reminiscing of the days when life was strewn
with fluorescent dreams and fantasies like rainbows
when life was a symphony of honeyed notes
smiles glowed like eternal luminance on face
with lollypops sucked slowly on swings and see- saws
and melting ice-creams held in gritty palms
sitting in quietude with the breeze humming melodies
as it caresses entangled tresses of ebon silk
with tender touch of invisible fingers
with autumn's mendicants¹ standing in the silence
as nude silhouettes in the fading light
trying to remember faded faces of old friends
long lost within the milling crowd of racing life
those careless moments of reckless nonchalance
on the wings of thoughts sojourning once again
the winding streets of coveted childhood
collecting pearls of cherished memories

¹ Beggars

to sparkle on the indigo bosom of a new moon night
after the stars are draped in somnolence
to spin the fabric of silver smiles of raw silk
akin to the strands of sublime moonbeams...

Text three – Non-fiction excerpt from *Report from the Interior* by Paul Auster

In the beginning, everything was alive. The smallest objects were endowed with beating hearts, and even the clouds had names. Scissors could walk, telephones and teapots were first cousins, eyes and eyeglasses were brothers. The face of the clock was a human face, each pea in your bowl had a different personality, and the grille on the front of your parents' car was a grinning mouth with many teeth. Pens were airships. Coins were flying saucers. The branches of trees were arms. Stones could think, and God was everywhere.

There was no problem in believing that the man in the moon was an actual man. You could see his face looking down at you from the night sky, and without question it was the face of a man. Little matter that this man had no body—he was still a man as far as you were concerned, and the possibility that there might be a contradiction in all this never once entered your thoughts. At the same time, it seemed perfectly credible that a cow could jump over the moon. And that a dish could run away with a spoon.

Your earliest thoughts, remnants of how you lived inside yourself as a small boy. You can remember only some of it, isolated bits and pieces, brief flashes of recognition that surge up in you unexpectedly at random moments—brought on by the smell of something, or the touch of something, or the way the light falls on something in the here and now of adulthood. At least you think you can remember, you believe you remember, but perhaps you are not remembering at all, or remembering only a later remembrance of what you think you thought in that distant time which is all but lost to you now.

January 3, 2012, exactly one year to the day after you started composing your last book, your now-finished winter journal. It was one thing to write about your body, to catalogue the manifold knocks and pleasures experienced by your physical self, but exploring your mind as you remember it from childhood will no doubt be a more difficult task—perhaps an impossible one. Still, you feel compelled to give it a try. Not because you find yourself a rare or exceptional object of study, but precisely because you don't, because you think of yourself as anyone, as everyone.

The only proof you have that your memories are not entirely deceptive is the fact that you still occasionally fall into the old ways of thinking. Vestiges have lingered well into your sixties, the animism of early childhood has not been fully purged from your mind, and each summer, as you lie on your back in the grass, you look up at the drifting clouds and watch them turn into faces, into birds and animals, into states and countries and imaginary kingdoms. The grilles of cars still make you think of teeth, and the corkscrew is still a dancing ballerina. In spite of the outward evidence, you are still who you were, even if you are no longer the same person.

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of discovery are shaped in and through texts
 - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
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Question 1 (continued)

Text one – Short story excerpt

- (a) Describe how the author has used language to capture the processes and moment of discovery. (4)

Text two – Poem

- (b) Discuss how the persona has conveyed her perception of the discovery of the difference between the past and the present realities? (3)

Text three – Non-fiction extract

- (c) Discuss how has the author's perception of the nature of his discovery? (3)

Texts one, two and three

- (d) If you had to select one text to encapsulate the process and ramifications of discovery, which one would you choose and why? (5)

End of Question 1

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- express understanding of discovery in the context of your studies
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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Question 2 (15 marks)

Compose a piece of imaginative writing that is centred on one of the following quotes from the texts in Section I:

'In the lonely light of the thumbnail moon, John Flamsteed makes a promise. He will return here, one day, free from the shackles of his father's assumptions' ('To Dream of Stars: An Astronomer's Lament' by Peter. M. Ball).

OR

'the winding streets of coveted childhood collecting pearls of cherished memories' ('Reminiscent Past' by Smita Sriwastav).

OR

'In spite of the outward evidence, you are still who you were, even if you are no longer the same person' (Report from the Interior by Paul Auster).

End of Question 2

Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of discovery in the context of your studies
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways discovery is represented in a variety of texts
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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Question 3 (15 marks)

‘The most powerful discoveries we make are those that remind us of who we were once were, who we have become and who we should be.’

To what extent has this been the process that has been explored in your prescribed text and at least ONE other text of your own choosing?

The prescribed texts are:

- William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

OR

- Jane Harrison, *Rainbow’s End*

End of paper